BASEBALL AT THE POLO GROUNDS. THE SUMMIT OF EARTHLY GREATNESS-THE PITCH-

ER AND THE RAILWAY GUARD. There is a reason for everything, and when one has gazed upon the pitcher of the New-York Gants in the full glory of action, one can no longer wonder that the American bosom heaves with pride at the mention of the words "Baseball." There can be no doubt that the only really greatest men on earth are baseball pitchers. Some body may dispute this. Somebody may call to mind that haughty individual who stands with his arms folded upon the platforms of the elevated trains, a pleture of superiority and proud reserve, and who, with onferring upon the poor and lowly public so much of a boon as his slightest glance would afford, strikes terror and admiration in all hearts as he boldly shouts, "Dis way to de ferry! Dat way to de street!" One of the lordliest functions of this eminent man is to stand by the gates of the cars and scare timid people 'most to death with the thunders of his "Lively now! Hey, There! Stand Back!! Passengers Off!! All Abourd!! BOTH GATES!! RIGHT HERE!!! "

Whizz! Bang! Ding! He waves his hand. The very engine drops him a courtesy with its smokestack and

humbly obeys.

It must be admitted that a man whose voice is so deep and authoritative, whose mien is so deflant, whose tread so stately and whose sway so potent, is necessarily a formidable rival of the baseball pitcher. I well remem ber an occasion when the greatness of the elevated rail-way guard was impressed upon an admiring host so proundly that one could see in every small boy's face the determination to forego his previous intention to be a pirate, and to centre all his hopes upon the glorious future of an elevated guard. The train stood by the City Hall Station crowded with passengers. The starting bell had sounded and the guard had waved his commanding arm. But there was ano ther train crossing the track, and the submissive engine hesitated between incurring the guard's displeasure and running into the impeding train. It heroically chose the former alternative and waited. The guard frowned and bit his haughty lip. Just at that moment a handsome stalwart man accompanied by a charmingly dressed lady came running up, both panting from the effects of their hurry. They were evidently late for something and in the greatest haste to

'Please let us in!" gasped the gentleman addressing the guard. That august functionary turned his head half around, gave one contemptuous glance at the suppliant, and then gazed magnificently away.

Every one naturally expected to see the poor man drop upon his knee and crawl for paraon. But the gods had clearly made him mad. "Let me in!" he cried angrily.

To every one's amazement the guard did not strike him dead. He merely folded his arms and fell into a noble revery. The ill-fated gentleman seemed bent upon his own destruction. "Don't you hear me tell you to open the gates and let me in ! " he roared.

What was it that stayed the hand of that guard ? Every one shuddered, but he only looked into vacancy.

Then the gentleman completely lost his senses. "Let

Don't you see I've got a lady with me ? The spectators held their breaths and closed their eyes, dreading to see what must certainly occur. But at that moment, thank Heaven, the train moved, and before could strike the cars had passed away.

Of course with the memory of such scenes as this be fore one's eyes, it is impossible to deny the elevated railway guard a great place in human affairs, but still he is outranked by the baseball pitcher. To see the pitcher as he stands serenely upon his sanded square, a fine frenzy gleaming from his eyes and dilating his nostrils, to see him twirl the ball in his fingers and glance cautiously about him on either side, to see the proud look he gives in the direction of the ladies' stand where youth and eauty have met to do him honor, to see a sudden paroxyism wrench his mighty frame and twist it into a ble-bow knot from which it emerges flushed, limp but still sublime, while the little ball shoots fiercely forth and takes the unsuspecting batter in the pit of his stomach and lays him incontinently in a heap on the ground -to see all this is to look upon one of the grandest spectacles human genius affords.

A game of baseball on the Polo Grounds is one of the great sights of New-York. The very grounds are a sight, stretching way until a man in the furthest corner assumes the perspective of a fly on the post beside you. The crowd of spectators is a sight. On a bright sunny afternoon when the game is between good clubs they come in thousands. The average audiences of all the theatres in New-York emptied into one could be easily seated in the chairs and on the benches provided at the Polo Grounds. Ten thousand persons frequently attend the match games. It is surprising how many people find time to go. It is a very democratic assembly. The Wall Street baron with his handsome entaway coat, his shiny silk hat, his light-checked trousers and his patent-leather shoes, sits contentedly beside the veriest tough from Toughville, and the delicate aroma of his 20-cent Havana mingles good-naturedly with the dull white cloud that flows from his neighbor's Bowery " two-fers. The dude from the Union Club, gayly bespangled with polka dots and tints of yellow and barbarous green, and redolent with the perfumes of Arabia and the far East, cares, represented in a package and half a dozen letters that bulge from his pockets, in the excitement of the game. They chat amiably:

Aw. little chap, who's that fellaw theah I"

"De bloke wid de bat ! " No, theuh! '

"Oh, him! Dat's de empire. Tell ye wot, too, he's got a head's big's a barn." "Weally! He don't look so, little chappie. Deuced pretty girl yonder."

wid de black hat and de red flowers ! Well, I should smile. Ain't she de gentle daisy now! Her an'

"Ah, now, you don't say. P'waps you'll pwesent me 1 "

" Hey ! " "Why, intwoduce me, y' knaw."
"Wotcher givin' us i "Fm onto you, Doody, an' Fm

tellin' you dat ye can't do no mashin' dere. She's a actress, she is, up to de-, but I guess I'm not givin' away de teaytre, an' she comes yere mos evry day. Wait'll she turns roun.' Now watch fer de smile she gives me. Ah, Doody, ain't dat a bully one ! Look at dem eyes! Hey, she's callin' fer me; she's got some peanuts. It's a cole day w'en de Fort' Ward gits left. You needn't be

smirkin' like dat. She ain't got no eyes fer you. She

sizes you up for a flat. Bye bye, Doody!" The ladies' gallery is high above the grand stand, and is well filled at every game. Many of its habitues are women of fashion and prominence in New York society. There is indeed quite as much variety in the faces of the women who go to baseball matches as in those of the men. They are shop girls, and young women of wealth and culture; actresses, serving girls, sweethearts of every description who go because their lovers enjoy the game; elderly women whose thoughts might well be twelling on the spiritual things of life, and little maidens in their blossoming teens. The faded shawl and slovenly jersey, the costume of rich brown fitted with elegant nicety, the plain straw hat and the elegant bonnet, all

Join in an animated and comprehensive picture.

One of the parties at a recent game consisted of a well known woman of society, a young marfied lady, a still younger and exceedingly pretty unmarried lady, a handsome well-bred man, swarthy, graceful and athletic, and a tired-looking youth with ill natured hair and the appearance of a person who feels himself constantly im ed upon without any power of resistance. They seated themselves before the game began. " May I smoke, Mrs. Bluster | " asked the athlete.

Certainly, Mr. Bredwell. Make yourself comfortable.

Ah, thank you. Have a cigar, Dowtop t"

" Aw, guess not; seldom smoke cigahs; take cigawette."
" No,Mr. Dowtop, I can't bear those odious cigawettes," said Mrs. Bluster, decisively; " and as for poor Fanny, they always give her a headache."

Oh, no, mamma; not in the open air." "Yes, they do, Pannie; you know they do. You know very well that you almost faint at the sight of the

wretched little paper things. You can't smoke them, Mr. Dowtop; I won't permit it. If a man must smoke "But I don't weally want to smoke, Mrs. Bluster," said poor Dowtop, feebly.

Why, you said you did."

Aw, yes, of cawse, but-" " Men never know what they want, anyhow."

Dowtop has seated himself at Miss Fannie's side. He

pegins:
"Aw, Miss Pannie, how chawming you are look—" "Mr. Dowtop," says Mrs. Bluster, "come sit here by me and tell me who all these funny looking men are." Dowtop breathes a heavy sigh, but comes.

The crowd in the meantime has grown to tremendous proportions, stretching far beyond the capacious grand stand and filling up the benches outside, nothing daunted by the hot sun. Carriages have driven in from the avenue entrances and, full of spectators, have drawn up just outside the ropes. A bell sounds. There is a pause, during which the gayly dressed players run hither and thither hurling the ball from surprising distances at each other, sorting out their favorite bata, and getting themselves ready for the fray. The bell sounds again and they take their positions. The catcher hangs a queer-looking mattress around his neck. The pitcher

his hands with clay, and makes ready for those extraordinary and alarming evolutions by which he expels the ball. The patter comes forward and takes his ground and in another moment something small and round tears with a whiz through the air. It is not just over the base

and the umpire shouts "One ball!"

"What's that mean, Mr. Dowtop t" asks Mrs. Bluster "Aw, it wasn't a good ball." "Not a good ball ! Then why don't they get one that

"Aw, beg pahdon. I mean it wasn't well thrown." "But that wasn't what you said, Mr. Dowtop. You distinctly said-"

"One strike! " "Now, what does that mean, Mr. Dowtop 1"

" Aw, that he-aw-stwuck at it."

"Who struck at it ?" "The-aw-battah." "Why didn't he hit it ?"

"Well, aw-" Whack! Away flies the ball high up into the air. The striker tears toward his base. Three men run as if their very lives were at stake after the ball, and one of them stops, poises himself, and into his extended hands the scends with a smart crack.

"Striker out! " calls the umpire, while the audience roar and bang their applause.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Dowtop," says Mrs. Bluster, with a

bewildered air, " what is all this fuss about ? " Another man comes forward to the bat. He waits while five successive balls have been thrown and three strikes are called on him. Then he suddenly catches his breath, lurches forward and the ball darts flercely over the ground. But its career is wound up by the short-stop, who, having secured it, leisurely tosses it to the first base, and the second man is out. The third man is the victim of a foul ball daintily nabbed by the catcher

and the first half of the inning is over.
"Mr. Dowtop," asks Mrs. Bluster, "why do they always call out a strike when the man doesn't strike it at

Poor Dowtop is exhausted. "Ah, well, weally, ma'am, he replies, "that is quite beyond my compwehension."

The home club, which has been in the field, now takes its turn at the bat, and as one after the other fails a vic-tim to the terrific balls of their adversary's pitcher it soon becomes evident that this game lies between the rival pitchers and catchers.

To be a first-rate baseball player one must possess at least three kinds of capital—alertness, strength and courage. These are qualities that a genuine American places an exalted value upon. When he finds them combined in one person, the favored individual is promptly accorded a high place in his esteem. When he finds a game in which all these qualities are absolutely necessary he naturally admires the game. This is why some of the feats performed on the Polo Grounds are applauded with such excessive zeal. At the game honored by Mrs. Bluster's interest, five innings were played be-fore a single score was made. The men of either team were wholly unable to bat the other pitcher. One of them threw a bail with such terrifle force that the batters' heartiest blows could not sufficiently overco its resistance to accomplish so much as a base hit. The me in, you blanked blank blank of a blank!" he cried. other sent his ball speeding along with such a deceptive that the batter could not accurately judge of its position, and was continually knocking fouls for the catcher to capture. After a succession of short, brilliantly played but fruitless innings, Gillespie, the tall the avencing lightning of that indignant guard's ire | heavily-built left fielder of the New-Yorks, took his place at the bat, waited until he saw a well placed ball speeding toward him, and then meeting It with a terrifle welt, straight for the sun. He shot over his bases as though the furies were pursuing him, while the great crowd rose from its benedes and urged him on with a tumult of cheers. It was hopeless to dream of catching the ball. Several players started for it, but when it finally fell somewhere near the remotest limit of the field. Gillespie had reached his home base and was bow ing and scraping his acknowledgments to the audience. whose cheers were being poured upon him in an ava-

> Scated high upon the grand stand were two young men, somewhat damaged from an excess of luncheon and

> heated with wine and enthusiasm.
> "I said I would give \$500 to the man that first made ome run an'-hie-1'll do it!" said one of them.
> "Good 'nuff, Charley," said his neighbor. "He's

> earned it, an' 's a fine thing t' keep 'er word, me boy." " Fi' hunnerd doll'rs ain't mach," continued Charley. greatly encouraged.

Mere bag'telle " "Snuthin' t' you er me."

"Think th' good 'tud do G'lespie."

" Make man of 'Im." "Think of 's wife 'n' chil'r'n."

"Zat settles It!" cried Charley. " I'll count't right out. Hie! Zere's one huner'd; two huner'd; zree huner'd; zree huner'd an' fifty; four hun-hie!-huner'd, four huner'd 'n-hie! Shay, Harry, 'zhall I got!"

"What! You only got four huner'd!

"Yep, zat's ev'ry dern cop-hic-copper."
"Well, give 'im that."

" Hie! yep."

" 'Fi givim zhis I'll be broke. "

" Oh, zat's all right." " Nuthin' leff t make night of it with."

"Oh!" Harry's face assumed a doleful expression, and there was a long pause. Finally Charley, still hold-

ing the money in his hand, said

'Harry, I got plea." " What is't ! "

"'Fi shud give G'lespie zhis money 't might d'meralize im,"
"Hic! by Jove! you're right, Charley."

"T might get 'im int' bad habits." "'T might make 'im too conceited 'n' stuck up to play

" He'd b' sure t' take t' drink."

"N' murder 's chil'ern." Charley, you'd better put up y'r money."

" Harry, old man, 's lucky we thought o' zhis. Prob'ly saved that man G'lespie fr'm drunk'r i's grave! "

RE DIDN'T WANT TO DISGRACE HIM.

WHY THE GENERAL'S OLD BODY SERVANT WOULDN'T SMOKE A CHEAP CIGAR.

General -- is an old-time Southerner, very vain about his personal appearance and very proud of his eigars, which are about as good as can be bought, for the General has plenty of money. The General has a negro valet who has grown old in his service and feels that his long years of faithful service ought to entitle him to some privileges which would not be granted to a younger servitor. The old negro flatters bimself that he bears a strong personal resemblance to his master, and among his colored acquaintances is "The Gin'el." Ot course General --does not recognize this alleged resemblance and would, without healtstion, shoot the man who dered in-sinuate, in his presence, that the remetest resemblance existed. Yet among themselves the friends of General ——do say that he and his old valet do,

One day General -- gave his valet one of his old dressing gowns. Soon thereafter, General — began to miss some of his high-priced cigars. He suspected the old negro of taking the cigars, and to make his temptation lighter gave him a box of cheap cigars ogether with a strong hint of his suspicions.

together with a strong hint of his suspicious. Still
the good cigars continued to disappear. At last
General —— lost all patience, and plainly charged
the old negre with the their.
"You old black rascal" he thundered, "I know you've stolen those cigars, and you had better tell me the truth or Pit have you shot, hang me if I don't." The darkey was too scared to speak for a moment but be wasn't long without something to say for him-self, and as he went on with his defence grew quite jubilant in manner, feeling assured that he would be

sell, and as he went on with his detence grew quite jubilant in manner, feeling assured that he would be acquitted. This is what he said:

"Now Gin'el, I axes you to let me 'splain. 'Scuse me, Gin'el, please. I 'clar fo' de Lord I aint stole dem sce-gars. I ain't stole nuflin' since I jined de church, mor'n six monts ago. Gin'el, you 'members dat ole dressin gown dat you gib me. Well, when I goes home and puts en dat dressin' gown an' puts bot my feet on de nantel, jes like I see you do, my ole 'oman she say, '1' clar Willyum Henry, yu does look mi'ty like de Gin'el. An' I tells you. Gin'el, I does feel pow'iul like you, but somehow I ain't jes like you. I wants som'pin. I keeps thinkin' and thinkin' wat it mout be. Den my ole 'oman, she say agin, '1' clar Willyum Henry, et you jes had one ob de Gin'el's fine sce-gars y'd look jes like him. Well, Gin'el, when I gets one ob dem fine see gars I knows I looks jes like you, 'cus I feels like you."

"But you old black reprobate," broke in the General, "why didn't you smoke one of the cigars I gave you and leave mine alone."

The old negro drew himself up proudly, and looked reproachtully at his master while ac replied:

"Gin'el, I'se knowed you nigh onto fifty yeers, an' I'se niver knowed you to smoke a poo' see-gar. I doesn't want to disgrace yer, Gin'el. Howse I gwine to look like you wid a poo' see gar in my mout "

The General never answered the question.

A SILVER THROATED MULE. From The Savannah News.

From The Savannah News.

A mule with an artificial throat is the latest thing in mules in Macon. A valuable animal at Holman's stables was afflicted with a disease similar to laryngitis. W.C. Timberlake proposed to doctor him and did so, and saved the mule's life. Finding that it would soon be impossible for the animal to breathe through his windpipe, a portion of the pipe was removed and a silver tube was inserted, and now the mule breathes freely. It was a delicate and skilful operation. It now remains to be seen whether the mule can whinny his thanks to Mr. Timberlake for saving his life.

GLIMPSES HERE AND THERE.

PASSING NOTES ON PEOPLE AND THINGS. Ex-Mayor "Andy" Fulton, of Pittsburg, sailed for Europe yesterday by the White Star Line, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Fulton is one of the products of modern city politics. He has a big frame, athletic and powerful, with broad shoulders and big head, long face, large nose and prominent checkbones. His business is that of bell founder, a trade which he learned when a boy and which behas followed with profit as a man. He has a certain rude force of character that enabled him to control a large part of the rougher element in Pittsburg, and through them was elected Mayor. A great cry went up from the press at the time when he was elected, in expectation that the city would be badly governed, but his administration of public affairs was not materially different from that of other men who

With Colonel " Tom " Ochiltree in the Hoffman He the other day was Mr. Satterthwait, of Nutley, N. J., who spends so much of his time in Texas, where he has heavy investments, that he might almost be counted a resident of the Lone Star State. Mr. Satterthwait regards Texas as the great coming Empire State of the South and West. His New-Jersey home is located between Newark and Passale. It was at his mother's house that General Grant was a guest in 1889 during the Garfield campaign and it was Mr. Satterthwait who induced him to make a speech at Nutley. A circus tent was pro cured and an immense crowd of people assembled from New-Jersey cities within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles. The day proved unpropitious and the tent was partly blown down. General Grant made his speech anding beside the trunk of a huge oak which sheltered him from the wind. Mr. Satterthwait told me that he is having this speech of General Grant engraved upon a metal plate, which he will imbed in the trunk of the tree as a memento of the occasion.

An ancient oil portrait of Thomas Ewing, Ohio's noted United States Senator and lawyer, the old " Ait boiler," as been hung in the rooms of the Ohio Society as a loan from Colonel C. W. Moulton. The portrait is regarded by the Ewing family as a remarkable likeness. It was formerly hung in the Burnett House at Cincinnati, where was left by the artist. It has a history. Thomas Corwin was Secretary of the United States Treasury he designated a bank at Columbus as a depository of United States funds. The bank falled. A suit was brought by Corwin's successor against the directors of the bank and against Corwin himself for the amount lost. The case was tried at Cincinnati, Senator successfully. In Cincinnati at that time was the artist Thomas Quick. His studies for the painting were all made in the court-room during the progress of the trial. He would sit where he could watch the great lawyer for an hour or so and then go to his studio to reproduce on canvas the impressions of his study. It was the only way in which he could secure sittings from his subject, and the portrait was finished before the Senator knew of the fact that he was being observed for this purpose

The well-known Nashville banker and capitalist, W. M. Tennessee to attend the town lot sales there. In talking about South Pittsburg, where over \$100,000 worth of property was disposed of in the week's sales, Mr. Duncan spoke of a newspaper man who had located his office over a coffin store, and the undertaker reserved the privilege of leaving some of his stock in the upper room. that purpose bought a mattress, which he threw down on the floor. Then lest he might roll out in the night he pulled a coffin up on each side of the mattress, and se slept between two coffins. Mr. Duncan, by the way, has added to his reputation as a financier by purchasing all the street railroad systems of Mobile, Alabama.

A florid, round-faced man of low stature, with a small white mustache and somewhat striking appearance, who has been at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for several days in company with Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is Thomas cal and personal friends, a lawyer by profession. During the war Lanahan was placed in a peculiar position Union man, but held such a position at the bar that the Confederate sympathizers in Baltimore were compelled to rely upon him as their advisor. As a result of this position he secured the foundation of what has since become a large fortune. For thirty years he has not missed a summer at Saratoga. During the greater part of this time his constant companion there was the late Henry M. Phillips, of Philadelphia.

The career of Barton Key as a theatrical manager has been cut short by his determination to devote his energies to plain matters of business. He is a big man of blonde complexion, with a sandy mustache as the only adornment of his heavy set face. He is a relative and protege of ex-Senator George H. Pendleton of Ohio, who is the American Minister at Berlin. Mr. Key is now giving his time to electrical inventions and appliances.

People generally have little conception of the hard life led by actors in travelling theatrical companies. Life on the road is especially severe upon actresses. I was talk ing with the leading lady of a well-known company, who spends from three to five months of every year travelling, when she said: "When I get back to New-York for the summer to rest I searcely know myself. It takes me or back to civilized habits and methods of life. You can have no idea of the hardship we have to undergo. It is bad enough when we stay three nights or a week at each engagement, but when we are going through portions of the country where we have only one night engagements it is simply horrible Sometimes you are obliged after the night's performance to mack your trunks for a start to the next town at 5 close one eye than you are called to catch the train. I have boarded the cars many a time in the morning with my clothes half-fastened and my shoes held on my feet by a single button, while my back hair would have served for the worst scarecrow that was ever manufactured. Enting is a lost art on the road. You do not cat You bolt your food, and you are lucky if you have any

Up at Seventy-fourth-st, and Tenth-ave. Ephralm Demarest is excavating by steam for a block of buildings. The boiler that he has in use is "an ancient of days," In fact, with a peculiarity of boiler inspection numbering that has created much sport. It is one of those old-time bollers with a furnace door on the side. They have not been manufactured for many years. This particular botler bears on the door the city inspection number 1842, and passers by who stop to watch the excavation frequently hurry off with some such remark as this: Eighteen forty-two! Goodness gracious! It must be dangerous to use such an old boiler as that!"

Many of the large hotels of New-York now use potatoes imported from Germany Instead of using Bermudas. The advantage is in price rather than in quality.

A member of the Democratic Executive Committee of last year tells this story: William A. Poucher was chairman of the committee. He was induced to order a special campaign edition of some 20,000 copies of The star. They were delivered and a fourth of them sent out before it was discovered that the edition contained a twocolumn article, descriptive of the life and character of Judge Daniels, the Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals. The word advertisement ap-peared over the columns devoted to this article, but somehow the committee did not take kindly to it and suppressed the edition.

Iowa people who come to New-York can rarely be induced to discuss their "favorite son," Senator Allison, whose name is frequently heard at the present time in connection with the Republican Presidential nomination. Those who do speak of him regard him, aside from his ability, in the light of one of the most skilful and adreit politicians. For instance, a Burbington man re-marked to me the other day; "Allison steps softer than a cat."

A medium-sized, well-built man, with a handsome facand full sandy beard, who is at the Hoffman House, is A. Raymond, of Chicage. He is the inventor of "the cyclone palverizer,"about which the public has heard so much through the energetic advertising of Erastus Wiman. Mr. Raymond's friends assert that he will take rank with inventors like Edison and Alexander Graham

I hear that the Broadway Surface Railroad people have

nade a contract to equip all their ears with an invention by which the track may be sanded or salted at the option of the driver. Professor J. W. Livingston, a stoutly built. Frenchified-looking man, of perhaps forty-five years of age, with a round face, black curly hair and black mastache, is the person who has persuaded them to take this step. The improvement is one that will permit the use of salt in clearing the tracks without interfering with the horses' hoofs, against which so much complaint has been made by Henry Bergh in seasons past. But as the use of salt is absolutely forbidden by law the invention may get some one into trouble.

Judge Alphonso Taft, of Ohio, who was Attorney-Gen eral in General Grant's Cabinet and Minister to Russia under President Arthur, is in the city on legal business. He has lost flesh in late years but is still a strong man at seventy-six years of age. The Judge says that Governor Foraker can only be counted in the race for the Presi-Goraker can only be counted in the race for the Fresh dency as a dark horse, since the Buckeye State will be solid for John Sherman. In his opinion the election will depend upon the State of Now-York, and therefore the New-York delegation in the National Convention next year will be able to settle the nomination for any candi-

legislator of St. Lawrence County, was in New-York on Decoration Day and went to Jerome Park. His interest

in the operations of poolselling led some of the Gen eral's companions to express a fear that he was becom-ing a little bit "wicked" in spite of the fact that he voted agvinst the Pool bill. The General repudiated the impeachment with vigor and declared that it was his first experience on the track, where he wished to become acquainted with the methods. I hear his name mentioned already for the position of manager of the State Insane Asylum which has been located at Ogdensburg through his efforts.

" Clint" Wheeler, ruddy and brown, has just come back from the Lake Eric fishing grounds at Point au Pelee. He is not much of a story-teller, but he managed to let the boys know that he and his party caught 800 fish a day. "How many persons were in the party!" was asked by a friend. "That is our own affair," repilled the bold fisherman. "There were enough to catch 800 fish a day."

A singular trait was illustrated on Decoration Day at the entrance to the grand stand in Madison Square. A chunky, bustling man, with a business-like air, coming up to the entrance with three ladies, was met by the policeman's abbreviated inquiry, "Tickets to the grand stand I" by which he meant to inquire if the party was supplied with the complimentary tickets which alone ild secure admission to the seats. The gentleman, however, understood him differently, for his response which created considerable amusement, was given in a loud tone of voice. "What do they cost!" he asked. Meanwhile his hand had gone down into his pocket for his wallet as if he intended to buy the whole stand. He retired somewhat crestfallen when the situation was explained to him.

That energetic Democratic leader and schemer, Manrice B. Flynn, who became pale and emaciated some months ago under the pressure of exposure and the at-tacks on his work and methods, has lately been recovering somewhat his flesh and color. He has begun to appear again in his old haunts, and I saw him up-town the other day with his checks rounded out and the bright color returning to them.

Ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, with a soft black hat tipped down over his eyes and shading his face until only the tip of his nose is to be seen, was here in he course of the week. He says he is not displeased at his retirement from the Senate because it will give him opportunity to devote his time to business. "Political leadership in West Virginia," he remarks, " is coming to be a severe burden on any one who is entrusted with it The State is getting dangerously close, and will require the undivided attention of any man who undertakes it."
The Senator with other capitalists has recently built 210 miles of railroad in his State. He is also a heavy land owner, having 100,000 acres of forest land in Webster County plane. He intends to devote all his time now to the development of the State and its resources.

THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN PARTY.

A CHERRY BLOSSOM FEAST IN JAPAN. YOKAHAMA, Japan, May 10.-One of the most notable

ntertainments given in Japan since the admission of oreigners to the land of the Rising Sun took place in Tokyo on the evening of April 20. It, had been the talk of many weeks and great preparations had been made for the event by Japanese and foreigners. It was a fancy dress ball given by the Count and Countess Ito. A large party assembled at the Yokohama railway station and after an hour's ride arrived at the palace of the Prime Minister. Once through the outer castle walls and up the hill we could see the glare of the electric lights in the transformed into a perfect bower of azaleas. We found ourselves in the milist of a throng representing in dress nearly all the nations of the globe and their prst and present history. The Diplomatic Corps were the court fresses of their nation. But above all that was bright and all that was mathetic-in foreign dress-were th postumes purely Japanese. It would be folly to attempt a discription of the rich brocades, many of them han dreds of years old, and worn as only the Japanese know how to wear them. There were costumes that repreof its history-from the warrior in coat of mail to the lady in full court costume: from the Shinto diety In all his ugliness, to the beautiful priestess in robes of white and tiara of gold upon her head; from the Aino or Yezo, with long hair and coarse garb, to the Prince of the Imperial family, with the robe of brocade embroidered with chrysauthemums in gold. The courts of the Mikado and of the Shogun were represented as of in reference to legal practice in Baltimore. He was a | old, when one | held the spiritual and the other the temporal power of the realm. Many of the officials were their antique weapons and compared their beauties of ornamentation. The ladies had dressed their hair in the styles belonging to different ages and different positions in the old feudal society. Many characters in the Japanese tales of love and war were represented. There were many beautiful faces among the women and many handsome ones among the men. One could not but regret that their costumes, so beautiful, soft, and graceful, were but relies of a past, and that the unbecoming modern costumes of Europe are now pro scribed by the Empire of the Japanese. Many did not know what some of the official dresses of the olden times represented; a Cabinet minister was heard to say to a statesman who appeared in the official costume of,a

member of the Gorojin, "Is that really how the Coun-ciliors dressed in the time of the Shogun!"

The whole palace was thrown open to the guests who numbered about 400. All the rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers, the door casings being solid probes of camelias of different bues set in evergreens. The band was placed in a smaller room with only the leaster in sight. In the large reception room champagne, tea and ices were served during the evening. The grounds were handsomely illuminated with the electric lights and fires of different colors, and a band occupying s stand in the grounds played in the interludes between the dances. The selections given were principally Japanese airs, and though they were well played, they

sounded very old from brass instruments. The garden party of the Mikado, given at the Euriokwan, or detached palace, on the bay shore of the City of Tokyo is "the event" of the spring, for it takes place when

The garden party of the Mikado, given at the Eorlok-wan, or detached palace, on the bay shore of the City of Tokyo is "the event" of the spring, for it takes place when the cherry blossoms are in their full beauty. By the Japanese this blossom of the flowering herry tree is considered the flower of the spring, and all—young and old, rich and poor, high and lowly—make the most of its beauty, gathering under the trees, and enjoying a matsur of carry blossoms under the trees, and enjoying a matsur of the othery blossoms, the nobility, the diplomatic corps, and foreign officers with the ladies of their bouse holds. The entertainment is not given until the cherry blossoms are in their prime, and when about to fail; so that should it rain on the appointed day the entertainment is not expended by the entertainment is never polymages; commanding attendance was a sometime of rain. The invitation was a card was a condition of the control of the condition of the condition of the interpolation of the displanese character, seven by six inches in size, bordered with crysanthemus is gift, and with the imperial creat in the middle of the upper side. The invitation was worded as follows:

"Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, will houd a meeting for seeing the cherry biossoms in the garden of the detached palace at Hanna 43 p. m. on the 21st inst, which you are invited to attend." The Eurlok wan is not far from the railway station, so that a short ritle brought us to the palace gates. Along the roate military guards were placed and saintes were frequent, as every one going to this entertainment were cutified to a sainte. The Eurlokwan, as it is now called, was formerly the Hamagoteu, or garden, of the Tenno or Shogan, and is the palace that was assigned to the sea of General Grant when he was a guest of the Japanese Empire. A high wall and moat surround the palace gardens. The palace itself is a Japanese building somewhat changed in its interior from the native style by having banging doors of polished word, but i

THE DEAD CHILD.

THE DEAD CHILD.

From The Chicago Herald.

At Rawlins, Wyomling, a few weeks ago, I saw one of the saddest incidents it has ever been my misfortune to witness. A rancher rode into town on horseback holding in his arms a dead baby—a sweet little thing with flaxen hair, which curied all over its head, and soft blue eyes which had not been closed even in death. Seventy-five miles across the country that rancher had carried the dead babe in his arms. I talked with him and heard his story. It was like this:

"A year or more ago he had begun a correspondence with a young woman in Chicago, getting her address from a matrimonial paper. The result was an exchange of photographs and finally marriage. The girl woney of photographs and finally marriage. The girl woney it we with him on his ranch, but the lonely life there on the house the city girl and a few weeks after the birth of her babe she rin a way to Chicago, leaving husband and child behind her. There was no woman on the ranch and the rough father did the beat he could to rear the child. I have no doubt that he was tender and attentive—in fact, he said he neglected his stock and did nothing else but care for his child—but robbed of its mother's care the little one siekened and died.

"My life seemed to go out with that 'ar little one,' said the rancher, in his rough way, 'an' when she died I cried like a woman. Then my heart rose in anger against the

mother, and I felt that I could kill her. It seemed to me that ar' habe would be alive and smilin' an' cooin' to-day if her mother had not deserted her. Then, says I to myself, I'll be avenged. And so I wrapped the poor little one in a blanket, jumped on my horse and came here. I'm goin' to send the mother a little present, a peace-offerin' from her deserted husband. I'm going to send her the body of her little 'un."

"He actually procured a little coffin and laid the babe in it, after kissing the white face again and again, and cutting a few locks of the golden hair from the little round head. There were no tears in his eyes—he seemed to be past that—but as he turned away from the railway station, where he had shipped the body to an address in Chicago which I shall not give, he appeared to me to be the most broken hearted man I'd ever seen.

In five minutes he came running back, seized the little box, and exclaimed:

tle box, and exclaimed:
"'No, no! I can't do it. Give me my little 'un Keep "No. no! I can't do it. Give me my intro the money, but give me my little girl."
"Before the station agent could say a word the man had put the box on his shoulder and run away. Five minutes later we saw him on his horse, the box in his arms, galloping back to his ranch."

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

MISS CLEVELAND AS A LECTURER.

THE GARFIELD HOSPITAL-THE CHIEF JUSTICE. WASHINGTON, June 4.—It is said that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's lectures on history to be delivered in Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's schoolroom will afterward be published in "The Magazine of American History." I believe this is chiefly what Miss Cleveland will have to do with the magazine. Miss Cleveland had decided to go into the lecture field before the event that made her the easter of a President. A friend at that time said to her: "Of course, the election may change all that. It your brother is elected, you would not think of lecturing."

"Yes, I should," she answered. "The election will have no influence on me. I have no taste whatever tor society. I do not want its responsibilities, and I do not enjoy its pleasures. I have long felt that the lecture field was my proper place. at is my mission. I have given the step a good deal of thought and

I have given the step a good deal of thought and have come to this decision. The election will make no difference. I like literary work. I do not like society. Now why should I not do what I like?"

But the election did make a difference, and Miss Cleveland, for a time at least, put aside her "mission" and accepted the social responsibilities devolving on her as mistress of the White House. Whatever indifference she may have felt toward the social world, and however income were the restraints of world, and bowever irksome were the restraints her position in the White House, it must be said that she never shirked the smallest duty. Hers was an honest, womanly reign, and though short, the impress left by her personality will bear favorable compari-son with that of her predecessors. It was only after a good deal of persuasion that the

President's sister was induced to forego her cherished and well-matured plan of future action on the lecture platform. Family argument was brought to bear by the married sisters, and they accomplished their desire to place their one unmarried sister in the White House as hostess for the President. Probably they accomplished even more, for it is not at all likely that Miss Cleveland will now enter the lecture field while her brother is President. Miss Cieveland's association with "Literary Life" was, I am told, as association with "Literary Lits" was, I am told, as much opposed by her tamily as her going into the lecture field, but not so successfully. The opposition extended beyond the circle of relatives, and even her friends could see "no good" in it. But, however annoying an ideappointing "Literary Life" turned out for the President's sister tast year, she speedily rose above its losses and vexations. When she came on last February to the White House, to make her irst visit to her brother and his wife, there was no evidence of conflict. On the contrary, Miss Cleve-land's Washington friends declared that she had grown a dozen years younger, a dozen times better looking and altogether seemed to have come out of the clutches of "Literary Life" triumphant and

On Decoration Day, four years ago, the Garfield Memorial Hospital was formally opened. The women of the Ladies' Aid to the Board of Directors had worked hard to make the hospital an accomplished fact. The old-tashioned house pur hased with the ground was made available for patients, a new wing was built, and this was dedicated at the opening. The new wing was given over to two tree wards, one on the first floor for men, and the other on the second floor for women patients. I think there were ten private beds, and altogether, thirty patients could be taken care of at the time the hospital was opened, I have gone back to the beginning, in order to show the growth of the establishment and the work done by women alone to build up the institution. its existence and present prosperous condition to

It is so often said of society women in Washington that their lives are given up to the "gay whirl" so completely as to leave them neither time nor inclination for serious daties. But I find that the women who have worked hardest and most untiringly for the Garfield Hospital are women prominent in society. Many of them are foremost in the "gay whirl," and leading women whose days in the social season are apparently fully occupied with visiting, receiving and returning calls, and going to parties in the evening. They are only women, but somehow it is many of these women who also lead various charitable movements. The Ladies' Aid to the Garfield Hospital is The Ladies' Aid to the Garfield Hospital is mostly made up of so-called "society women." They have just completed another wing to the hospital building, much larger and better in every regard than the first one. It contains a large number of private rooms, handsomely finished and each having an open fireplace. The rooms have been furnished by private individuals for whom they are named. There open fireplace. The rooms have been furnished by private individuals for whom they are named. There is also in the new wing a dispensary and room for clinics. I believe the hospital will now accommodate 100 patients. A ward for incurables has been enlowed by a lady who modestly insists that her name shall be held secret. This is the only hospital in Washington having any provision for incurable patients. The old "Soyder" blace, as it was called, has proved a wise selection. The location is not only high and beautiful, commanding a fine view of the Capital, but it has the advantages of long cultivation, in a thrifty fruit orchard, large gardens, and magnificent shade trees, planted twenty years ago. The Ladies' Aid have built the Garfield Hospital outirely by soliciting contributions, holding fairs and various entertainments resorted to by clever women bent on the accomplishment of a charitible work. Besides the work of building, they supported the hespital for three years, receiving the first help from Congress last year in an appropriation of \$7,500. This money, however, was given for current expenses of the hospital, and not a dollar could be used toward building purposes. This year they succeeded in getting \$10,000 from Congress, available after the first of July, but like the other, to be used exclusively for current expenses. Therefore, all that has been done in the way of building, repairs and other needed improvements, or is likely to be done, must be wholly outside of Congressional assistance. There is, I believe, a small debt on the new wing, and the clinic room is not yet finished. Miss Frelinghuysen, when her father was Sceretary of State, was one of the most earnest and able workers for the Garfield Hospital. Mrs. Logan, who is president of the Ladies' Aid is likely to renew her interest.

The Chief Justice and Mrs. Waite expect to leave Washington on Monday for Toledo, Ohio, to visit their son's family. Later in June the Chief Justice goes to New-Haven, for the Yale commencement, which this year is the fittieth anniversary of his graduation. His present viscous appearance does not nation. His present vigorous appearance does not bear out the fact that he had so much of a start in

REMEMBERING A TAUNT.

REMEMBERING A TAUNT.

Boston Letter in The Providence Journal.

One of the stories of the sort which formed the staple of subject for a school of literature now pretty well gone out of fashion, is told concerning the Quincy House and its late proprietor, Mr. J. W. Johnson. It is related by those sometimes entertaining and anon prolix gossips who know all the old stories which deal with their neighbors, that once Mr. Johnson, then a farmer up country, came to Boston to sell a load of potatoes. Such was his ill-luck-however, or the culliness of the darket, that at the close of his marketing he found himself without ready money enough to pay his score at the Quincy House, where he had taken a room. There was taik of retaining the farmer's horses in piedge for his bill, but Johnson, who was a powerful man, went himself to the stables and barnessed his team, no man daring to interfere with him except by word. The matter terminated for the time being in the regulation manner of the old comedies. The farmer departed in a fine rage, pursued by the taunts of the employes of the house, which he answered with a yow to own the whole establishment before he died. From that day his one ambition seemed to be to fulfal his boast, and to this end he labored and saved until-still in the old-fashioned comedy fashion—events had been shaped to his will and his plucis and persistence were rewarded by the actual possession of the Quincy House, from whose doors he had once been Ignominiously driven because he could not pay his bill.

Little Mattle was at church one evening when the minister preached from the word "Teltel," found in Daniel v. 27. On the way home she said: "Mamma, what a queer text 'teakettle' was."

Disease and Death force their way into many a household that might be pro-

tested from their inroads by the simple precaution of keeping in the house that benign family medicine and safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Particularly where there are children should it be kept on hand as a prompt remedy for infantile complaints, in their outset easily con, querable, but which if allowed to engraft themselves on the delicate childish organism are not easily dislodged, and speedily work grievous mischief. Irregularity of the bowels, indigestion and billiousness are ailments of common occurrence in the household. Children living in malarious regions are more liable to be attacked with chills and fover than adults, and the ravages of that fell disease in their system are speedier and more serious. In remote localities, far from professional aid, it is especially desirable.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

AN AWKWARD MISTARE.

AN AWKWARD MISTARE.

From The Providence Journal.

A clubman relates at his own expense the following reminiscence of his visit to London last summer. Wishing to take advantage of the alleged cheapness of clothing in London he carried with him no more than he actually needed for the voyage, and on his arrival posted up to London in his steamer dress, to find an important dimer engagement awaiting him, only a few days off. It was an extremely hot day and he was tired, but he went at once to the establishment of a tailor who had been recommended, and asked to see the proprietor, Mr. X. That gentleman appeared, and the following conversation took place:

genticinan appeared, and the following conversation took place:

"You are Mr. X I" the American asked.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well," continued the American! "I met your customer Mr. A., on the steamer I've just landed from, and he advised me to come and see you before looking anywhere else."

"But really, my man," the tailor said, looking the dusty, travel-stained visitor over from head to foot. "I am awfully sorry not to oblige Mr. A., don't you know, but really we don't need any more help at present."

The American is neither vain nor lacking in a sense of the ludicrous, so that instead of becoming mortally offended, as many might have done, he simply laughed and explained that he wanted some work done himself, and on this footing he was at once treated with a consideration designed to atone for so awkward a mistake.

A SWELL HOUSEKEEPER.

From The Boston Courier.

A gentleman who has taken a house at the senside for the summer advertised for a house keeper, and entertaining enough were some of the answers he received. In one case a woman wrote that she must have two rooms, artistically furnished, and a comfortable stall in the stable for her saddlehorse. The gentleman says he is much impressed by her forbearairee in not insisting that he should also provide her with a groom in livery.

AT THE BILLERIES

AT THE BILLERIES.

From The London Truth.

I was much amused at an incident that occurred when we were all seated round the arena. Mr. Levy played "The Star Spangied Banner" magnificently on the cornet, and, naturally enough, the Americans in his audience stood up and uncovered. The English on all sides, not recognizing that this was to them as "God Save the Queen" is to us, yelled "Sit down!" "Sit down!" which the strangers did. But they must have thought us s wretchedly uncourteous nation, all the same.

TOO SOON.

From The Boston Courier.

There is a revival in progress in a town not far from Boston, and various incidents have marked the progress of the work of grace. Among others is related the following, which has at least the merit of illustrating a phase of human mature. Two ladies quarrelied about a year since, and have since then refused to recognize each other. One of them, moved by an eloquent sermon delivered by the revivalist on the need of brotherly love, went to her neighbor, and endeavored to effect a reconciliation. She expressed her regret that there should have been hard feeling between them, took rather more than she felt to be her far share of blame, and said that she had come to ask if they could not be friends again.

The other woman heard all this in silence, but with an unsoftened glitter in her eye.

"That's all very well," she commented, spitefully, at last, "but you ought to have come six months ago."

The spark of grace in the heart of the caller flared up an instant and went out. The blood flushed in her cheeks.

"No" she said, rising with much dignity. "You mean

cheeks.

"No," ahe said, rising with much dignity. "You mean that I have come six months too soon."

And now the breach between the pair is wider than ever.

CALEB CUSHING AND THE CHOCOLATE MAKER

CALEB CUSHING AND THE CHOCOLATE MAKER

From The New-England Gross.

At the reunion of the Massachusetts legislators of 1862, the Hon. Henry L. Pierce (proprietor of Walter Baker's chocolate) told a story of Caleb Cushing which tickled his hearers immensely. In '62 there was a bill before the Legislature to redistrict the State. Caleb Cushing was in favor of allowing a man to represent a district whether he was a resident of it or not. Mr. Pierce was opposed to this system, and in preparing a speech upon the subject sought the aid of Dr. Jackson, who, at that time, was the State librarian.

Dr. Jackson furnished Mr. Pierce with a comprehensive statement of all the measures passed for redistricting the State from the time of adopting the Constitution. This statement Mr. Pierce read in the House, and its effect was so great as to earry that body with him. This exasperated Mr. Cushing so much that he exclaimed: "Things have come to a pretty pass when the Legislature of Massachusetts will take its constitutional law from a chocolate maker."

SHE TRIED THE SOUP.

SHE TRIED THE SOUP.

Prom The Boston Courier.

The inadvisability of knowing too much of what goes on in one's own house was illustrated the other day by an incident which happened in a Back Bay mansion. The table girl was sick, and the doctor had ordered her taking broth. A daughter of the house, moved by charitable impulse, herself carried the broth to the patient, but the invalid absolutely refused to touch it.

"Did Aunie make it!" she asked, Annie being the cook, "Yos," was the answer. "She made it on purpose for you."

Then I won't taste it." the sick girl insisted querulously. "I seen Annie Maguire put her finger in the soup every day since she's been in the house, to see how hot it is, and I can't taste it!"

And moved by the memory of a long succession of finger tested soups she burst into hysferfeal weeping. There was a vacancy in the kitchen of that house very soon after, and the first question the mistress asks of cach candidate for the place of cook now is:

"How do you tell when the soup is hot enough to serve!"

A TRAGEDY.

Around Kazeroon are many beautiful orange gardens, and in one of these, a short time before my visit, occurred a tragedy which will bring home to my readers the state of the criminal law in Persia. Two villagers quarrelled, and one, in the heat of the moment, smote the other on the heat with his spade. There was no homicidal intention, but the injured man died. The Koran claims an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and the Koran is the penal code as well as the Bible of an orthodox Moslem State; but blood money may be, and almost always is, accepted as satisfaction by the relations of the deceased. The father of this villager, however, declined to receive money, and insisted on the offender's death. The Governor in doubt referred the case to his superior at Shiraz, who, after the usual references to the Mollahs for high priessle), replied that the law of God must be carried into effect. This somewhat oracular an-I. D. Reef in Macmillan's Magazine.

death. The Governor in doubt referred the case to his superior at Shiraz, who, after the usual references to the Mollahs or high priests), replied that the law of God must be carried into effect. This somewhat oracular answer left matters, as was doubtless its intention, still in the discretion of the Governor; and he, to get out of the difficulty, gave his executioners a holiday, and teld the father of the deceased that in their absence he could not earry the law into effect. The father replied that this was no obstacle, for he would himself earry out the law. Had he thrice refused treble the legal blood money, and should his son's nurderer go free!

After this there was nothing more to be said. The unfortunate homicide, with the fatalism of a Mussulman, sat down beneath an orange tree and smoked his last pipe, while his enemy brought two farrashes of the Governor to dig his grave. On their arrival the victim put away his pipe, and sat still while the father of the man he slew in the heat of passion judicially cut his throat. A horrible story that I would not believe, but that I had it from sources that left no doubt of its truth. In the territories of the other great Mussulman power such an occurrence as this would be impossible. A more reforming and less fanatical spirit has largely modified the criminal law of the Koran in the Ottoman Empire; while the civil law, as therein administered, is as complex and procrastinating a system as civilization can devise.

THE GENTLEMAN OF PURE FLAME.

THE GENTLEMAN OF PURE FLAME.

Boston Correspondence Minneapolis Tribune.

One of the most ardent and faithful admirers of Babu Mohini Chatterji, the Brahmin, who has been the reigning sensation here for several "seeks in first rate society, eavs that the distinguished Indian is "pure fiame." Another, also a lady, avers that he eats nothing but rice, so pure is he, and she declares that even the mosquitoes will not bite this immaculate person. These are extreme views, but they represent the minds of many Boston people, who think "at Mohini is really an angel of light. There are other extreme views. These are held by equality respectable Boston people who notice that the Brahmin uses butter to grease his long black hair withal and whose delicately trained noses detect unpleasant odors denoting personal uncleanliness whenever they approach the "pure fiame."

THOUGHFUL PUSS. From The Boston Post

Every dog is said to have his day, and why should the cat be less favored! Here is a cat story which certainly is not outdone in the evidence of intelligence which it affords by any dog story that has been told of late, and can be vouched for. Mistress Puss, who is the heroine of this story, lives in a family as its best beloved pet, and has much careful attention. Each year when the family goes into the country of course Mistress Puss goes too, and thus she has become used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts. She has become used also to the various signs of approaching migration, and knows what it means when the carpets come up and trunks are packed. This particular season Mistress Puss, being the happy mother of a promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for fitting drew near, and at last became so troubled that she attracted the attention of the family by her peculiar behavior. On following her, they found the cause. She had packed her little one into a partially filled trunk lest it should be overlooked in the moving.

SHE HAD AN EYE TO EFFECT.

SHE HAD AN EXE TO EFFECT.

From The Troy Times.

A Boston mother was talking to her little four year-old daughter about her being good and loving God. The little girl dropped upon her knees by the side of her mother and offered a little prayer. She then arose, and with a very self-complacent look, said: "Mamma, did God hear that prayer?" "Oh, yes, my dear; dod always hears our prayers." "Mamma," said she, very earnestly, "what did God say?" "He didn't say anything. God deesn't speak to us in that way." "Oh, yes, mamma, he did; you didn't hear Him. He said to one of the angels, "only hear that little girl pray," Was not that a pretty early development of self-righteousness!

Ella—What are goose-eggs in a baseball match?
Charite—Why innings when no runs are made.
Why do you ask?
Ella—Oh, nothing. I thought they might be laid by the fouls of the game, you know.—(Washington Critic.

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